

12570 C.

A NEW
CURE FOR THE SPLEEN:

BEING

A Collection of Advertisements, Humorous,
Numerous, Curious, Farcical, Satirical, En-
tertaining, and Diverting.

Intended for the Amusement of

THE FIRE SIDE.

Many of which were never before printed.

To which are added,

Christmas-Day Entertainment; a very remark-
able Letter of Invitation from a Clergyman;
and a Poetical Description of a Busy World.

By A. G. LOVEFUN, 
Late of CAREY-STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the Author; and sold by J. Wenman, No. 144,
Fleet-Street; W. Cater, No. 274, Holborn; Messrs.
Richardson and Urquhart, under the Royal Exchange
and L. Tomlinson, No. 124, White-Chapel. 1778.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

To the D E V I L.*

A Friend to whom I shewed the MS. before I had the honour of laying the whole before your Begrimed Majesty, very justly observed, that he saw no dedication; and was of opinion, that any thing printed in the form of a book, was, indeed, very imperfect without such dedication, and shewed a very great neglect, unpardonable in an author. In vain did I plead, that I did not look on myself as an author, for what makes the generality of authors write, is,

* That my fair countrywomen may not be alarmed, by the Devil is meant the printer's boy, whose sable appearance in his profession or trade, has entailed on him, for ages past, the name usually given to the Prince of Darknes, whose abode is said to be in the Infernal Regions.

The want of gold-dust, and, faith, sometime spite;
But laughter only made me attempt to write.

It would not do—I could not appease him
—A dedication it must have. Then arose
the greatest difficulty imaginable within
me, as I was entirely at a loss for a protector. Neither could I bring myself to follow the base way of writing dedications, and filling up of pages with flattery, fawning, and lying; *in quantum*, according to the patron's generosity. For which reasons, after a pause of some few moments, I told him, if it must have a dedication, I had just hit upon a patron, and without further ceremony named Your Inky Highness, which so shocked my friend, that he was making a precipitate retreat, absolutely thinking I meant to raise the devil, to beg his protection for the work. But fastening the door on him, I obliged him to wait, though not without trembling
with

with fear and dread, till I had past word for your good behaviour, and assured him, that of all devils (if there was more than one sort) Your Swarthy Highness was the most inoffensive: at which assurance he became easy, and afterwards laughed at the thought. I further assured him, that this was not the first time Your Sable Mightiness was addressed, and that I looked upon you as a *person* of consequence, and Protector General, always at the service of those who, instead of flattery, &c. would address Your Moor-like Honour with some strong beer; which, be assured Mr. Devil, as I expect great matters from you, I have given the proper directions for; and all the generosity I shall hope from Your Highness, is, to find the following sheets worked off neat and clean, and every page free from the marks of foul fingers, which, from the dirty work that forms your daily labour, is, I own, a little to be feared: but

(6)

the cleaner I find the performance, the less
I shall hesitate to be,

Good Mr. Devil,

Your Highness's,

Most obedient, and

Most humble Admirer,

A. G. L.

To

To those who shall be at the Pains to
read it.

IF, upon perusal of the subsequent sheets, the courteous reader should therein meet with any article that may amuse his fancy, rouse his spirit, or cause a smile, my end will be more than sufficiently answered, that being the whole and sole amount of my real wish or desire.

Notwithstanding those who move in the higher orbs of life, have the advantage of balls, operas, Pantheon, plays, &c. &c. &c. and may therefore think they do not stand in need of any thing of this kind to move their muscles; yet it is presumed that even those, especially during the frieur's tedious operation, may herein find a seasonable relief under such unavoidable circum-

circumstances. And when it is considered that there are numbers whose distance from the polite circles of pleasure and mirth, or whose situation in life prevent their entering therein, an attempt to divert part of the leisure hours of such, cannot but prove acceptable.

If therefore the following humorous and numerous advertisements, &c. should any way promote or help that grand object, it is hoped a generous Public will not think the price too much, to recompense the intent of

The Author.

A new

*A new Method of reading Newspapers
crosswise.*

Yesterday the sword of state was carried—
Before the sitting alderman, and committed to the comptroller.

This morning the Countess Dowager of Powis—
Married Mr. Twist, an eminent master taylor.

Last week Lord Edward Bentick set out for France—
Charged with returning from transportation.

A fine turtle, weighing upwards of 90 pounds—
Was committed by Sir John Fielding to Bridewell.

Wants a place to wait on a lady—
A very useful mare, mistress of fourteen stone.

To be disposed of by private contract—
A young woman, that will put her hand to any thing.

To be let and entered on immediately—
A young lady just come out of the country.

Yesterday the new lord mayor was sworn in—
And much admired by the nobility and gentry.

Last night the young princess was baptized—
Mary, alias Moll Flanders, alias Moll Gipsey.

This

This morning will be married the Right Hon. Lord—
And afterwards hung in chains near the spot.

He was carried to the Public Office, Litchfield-street—
And not any questions asked.

Whereas a threatening letter was dropped last night—
By order of the commissioners for paving.

Dr. Cadogan's warranted cure for the gout—
" If yow du not pote fiste powns in a fartin plas."

Yesterday the Right Honourable the Speaker—
Was convicted of keeping a disorderly house.

The King of France has wrote to our court—
An infallible remedy for the stone or gravel.

To be sold to the best bidder—
In the room of their late member, made a peer.

Whereas the said barns and stables were set on fire—
Effects of Dominecetti's sweating vaporary.

This day the king will go in state to—
The great joy of that noble family.

Tuesday a poor blind man fell into a saw-pit—
When the honour of knighthood was conferred on him.

Lord Peterfham took his seat in the house of—
From the island of Java, the grand Cassowar, it has the
head of a lion.

His Grace the Duke of St. Alban's—
Was bound over to his good behaviour.

The executors of the late Dr. Rock continue—
Pray stop them and the party.

'Tis said a great opposition is intended,—
At the horse infirmary, Knightsbridge.

Friday a poor woman was taken in labour—
The contents are not yet positively known.

To be disposed of greatly under prime cost,—
A grand masquerade at Carlisle House.

Last night a most dreadful fire broke out—
At a full meeting of the court of aldermen.

'Tis said a change in the law department will take place—
There is more need for this caution than honest people are
aware of.

I have long laboured under that dreadful complaint—
For ready money only.

Lately came out of the country—
Free-Mason's Hall, Great Queen-street.

Colds caught at this season of the year—
Delivered, carriage free, in London or Westminster.

Yesterday

Breslaw and his Italian company are just arrived from—
An house-keeper to an elderly gentleman.

Yesterday the Right Hon. Lord North—
Fell off the shafts, and the wheel went over him.

His Majesty's principal secretary of state—
To be had price three shillings bound.

Removed to Islington for the benefit of the air—
The city of London.

Cells caught in the hands of the youth—
The country, in London or Westminster.

The ESSEX JOURNAL.

Saturday, Jan. 31, 1778.

From the Great Pond, Tylney Park, Jan. 24.

Last week an amazing fail of ducks passed by this place, after a stout resistance from some boys at play, who flung stones at them. They at last landed at the stable door, where they foraged with some success. While they were upon this grand expedition, a spiteful turkey cock made a violent attack on a maid servant in a red petticoat, and forced her to retreat in great confusion. The day being for the most part rainy, they set sail again and took a great number of frogs prisoners.

This day arrived, after a disagreeable journey, the roads being bad, the par-

B

son's

son's wife. Several ducks were brought before her in order to be tried; but what crime is alledged against them we are at a loss to know or guess. After a trial, which lasted several hours, five of the largest and most fat were cast for death. Before the court adjourned the beforementioned judge passed sentence of death upon two gossings and one sucking pig.

From the Great House.

Jan. 26.

Last week there was a most noble entertainment in this house, when were present several country gentlemen, particularly the parson and the farmer. The parson eat like a farmer in every respect, and the farmer eat like a parson.

Note. It would be a curious calculation for Dr. Price, to decide who eat most.

From

*From the Garden.**Jan. 25.*

The hogs have done considerable mischief within this week past in and about these parts, to such an amazing degree, that not a turnip, cabbage, or potatoe could rest in their beds. Two days ago a number of them were taken and committed to their styes: yesterday came on their trial, when they were all found guilty, and sentenced to have a heavy wooden engine put about their necks, to have their noses bored, and horse nails thrust through them, as a mark of infamy for such detestable practices.

*From the new-built Hen-House.**Jan. 27.*

About five days ago we were most dreadfully alarmed by the sudden appearance of a kite, who threatened every mi-

nute to fall upon us and our numerous army; he made a number of motions as if he intended to attack our left wing, which sheltered our infantry. We were affrighted at his near approach, but on recovering a little we mustered all our forces: the cook-wench came to our assistance, and very seasonably as we thought, but we were not long before we were convinced to our sorrow, that the treacherous slut had betrayed us, and was in the interest of the beforementioned kite; for she immediately twisted round the necks of three of our most experienced officers, and stripped them naked to the skin. A dozen of inferior officers were committed close prisoners, and denied even an interview with friends and relations, in order to be sold for galley-slaves at the first market-place.

From

From the Back Yard.

Jan. 29.

It is currently reported, that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the Ginger Cock and the Blue Hen, they having of late appeared very much in public together. Yesterday he made her a very rich present of several barley corns; so that the whole town look on this match as concluded upon. He is the same cock that fought for her a few months ago at Harley's, the Bush, near the Park gate, in which battle he very nearly killed his antagonist.

From the Church.

The Church having been newly repaired and beautified, is opened, and has been so for some time past; divine service is

continued as formerly, though we seldom have it crowded with the company of any of the neighbouring gentry, from whose manner of living it is generally believed, that the intelligences of this place are not credited, or regarded as matter of little or no moment.

With respect to the stocks we have nothing very interesting or remarkable, except that two old offenders, Frank Holmes and Jack Preston, were set in them last market day for prophane swearing, as an example to the rising generation.

Accidents.

In the course of this last week a number of accidents have happened, and the bills of mortality are very considerably increased.

There

There have been smothered in onions eleven rabbits; starved to death two bastard children, nursed at the charge of the parish; died of the falling sickness, five stumbling horses; of a sore throat, at the butcher's, several sheep; stifled in the breeches of a soldier in the guards, two goslings; still born in eggs of geese, turkeys, ducks and hens, forty-nine; of wind in the bowels, eleven bottles of ale and cyder; drowned, twenty-five puppies and thirteen kittens.

We hear from town, that the new lord mayor's coachman employed half a dozen city porters last week to assist him in greasing the wheels of the state coach, when the whole was compleatly performed before dark. Next day the new set of fine long tail blacks were obliged to undergo the operation of having their shoes removed

moved and their feet pared, and it is feared that one of these beautiful creatures will be laid up, having caught a severe cold during his stay at the doctor's forge.

The same correspondent informs us, that it is not long since the audience of Drury-Lane theatre were highly entertained with the appearance of Sir John St. A——'s in one of the side boxes, kissing and playing with the bubbies of a most beautiful nymph from King's Place Court; the next day we hear the ungenerous rogue, at the instance of Lady Waterwagtail, his enraged mother, issued a writ against her to recover back the present he gave her, under pretence of not knowing what he had been about.

We hear further, that on the last settling day at the Stock Exchange, seven
lame

lame ducks, very unexpectedly indeed, waddled off; and we are exceedingly sorry to add, that it is reported five and twenty poor families are utterly ruined by the above unfortunate affair.

Another correspondent informs us, that yesterday died, after a long and lingering illness, at his country seat, near the Three Hats, Islington, universally lamented by all those who wear narrow-pointed shoes, Mr. Samuel Cheat'em, a very eminent and able corn-cutter, well known in the polite circle for his most excellent corn-salve.

By a gentleman of consequence from town we hear, a new subscription is now opened at the London Tavern, for the purpose of bringing the pure sweet air from

from the neighbouring villages to the city and suburbs, in order to reduce the price of the health-restoring vapour baths, advertised by Dr. Domini-sweat-ye, at Chelsea.

We hear, last Wednesday was married at St. Peter's, Cornhill, Miss Fondlewife, only daughter of Alderman Fondlewife, to Charles Saunders, Esq; an eminent soap-boiler, and colonel in the city trainbands.

Our correspondent in London acquaints us, last Thursday the Right Hon. Timothy Sillyman, secretary of state for the southern department, gave a grand entertainment to the nobility and gentry, at his house in Knaves acre. The evening was concluded with a ball, which was opened by Sir Samuel Hog and Lady Diana Rough-head.

We

We are just informed, there is a marriage shortly to be had and solemnized between Mr. Alderman Small-cock and Miss Harriot Hair-stones, a young lady of great fortune, and every other requisite necessary to render the marriage state truly happy.

By the last letters from America we are informed, that Capt. Littlefear has been tried and broke by a court-martial for cowardice.

We hear that Edward West, Esq; will be elected president of the directors of the East-India Company for the ensuing year.

It is reported, that Commodore North will be sent with a squadron into the South-Sea.

Captains

Captains East and South are appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty commanders of two frigates, to sail on the discovery of the North-west passage.

We hear from Bath, that on Monday last a duel was fought on Lansdown by Colonel Sparrow and David Hawk, Esq; in which the latter was mortally wounded.

Yesterday evening Sir William Summer, Bart. lay dangerously ill at his house in Spring-Garden: he is attended by Dr. Winter, but there are no hopes of his recovery.

Last week Mr. Stephen Fog, teacher of the mathematics in Rotherhithe, was married to the widow Fairweather of Puddledock.

Thursday

Thursday evening last William Henry Frost, an eminent dealer in gun-powder, died at his house on Snow-hill, of a high fever, caught by overheating himself in walking for a wager from No-man's Land to the World's End.

Friday last ended the affizes at Chelmsford, when the following persons received sentence of death. Leonard Lamb, for the murder of Julius Wolf; and Henry Grave for robbing and assaulting Dr. Death, whereby the said Death was put in fear of his life. Giles Gosling, for defrauding Simon Fox of six guineas and his watch, by subtle craft, to work on the Thames for seven years; and David Drinkwater was ordered to be set in the Stocks, as an habitual drunkard. The trial of Francis Green, of Illford, for a rape on the body of Flora White, a Mulatto, was

C

put

put off till next sessions, on account of the
absence of two material evidences, viz.
Sarah Brown, clear-starcher of Stratford, and
Anthony Black, scarlet-dyer, of Spital-
fields.

Ship News.

Arrived last night in the Strand from
the Lock, the Peggy Rover, and Jenny
Spendall, two prime sailers. They had
been stationed on salivation service near
four months, and are now both going on
a Guinea cruise.

The Sally Martin, and Mary Fleece'em,
two privateers, are ordered into St. Tho-
mas's Dock, to be repaired with all speed,
and after to proceed to Mother Harring-
ton's, at Charing Cross, on a new expe-
dition.

The

((278))

The Kitty Fainlove, from Bartholomew's Bay, a most excellent vessel, is gone on a trading voyage to Marybone.

The Lady Frances Saveall, having performed quarantine, is gone round to the City-Road to discharge her loading,

The Charming Nancy Sly, struck on a rock at Haddocks's, and very much damaged her rudder last Tuesday night.

Advertisements.

An honourable post to be disposed of, for no less a sum of money than five thousand pounds, and to prevent trouble, none but those whose character will bear a strict enquiry will be treated with.

Enquire or direct a line to Lord Thomas Periwinkle, at the Smyrna, Pall-Mall.

Lady Betty Constant's Perfume.

Which takes off every wrinkle in the face; it never fails to make the ugliest face smooth and delicate. A nymph at Mother Henderson's, near Pall-Mall, on using it once, raised her price three guineas. And a maiden lady of fifty-six, using it only half a dozen times, was yesterday married to the Right Hon. Lord Bauble, a very rich young nobleman, of only twenty-seven years of age.

To be had at the Perfume-shop in the Strand.

Must be Sold,

The owner being a bankrupt, a vote for a member of _____ for the borough of Guzzledown, at the next general election. To prevent unnecessary trouble, the lowest price is fixed at sixty guineas.

Lost

Lost

In the dark walk at Vauxhall, on Saturday, the 6th instant, two female reputations: one of them had a small spot, occasioned by some dirt thrown upon it last week in the road to Ranelagh; the other not in the least soiled, whoever will bring them to the owners, next the coffee-house in Saffron Alley, shall receive five guineas reward with thanks.

Dropped

On Wednesday evening last, from a lady's tongue in the right-hand stage box, at Covent-Garden Play-house, seven severe innuendos concerning Lady Minikin; nine bitter reflections on the Dutchess of Wou'dbe; some abuse on Miss Sophia Titup; a panegyric on Lady Babb Lar-

doon's beauty; three small oaths, and a great lie about Spanish paint.

If any of the above articles should be offered to be pawned or retailed about St. James's; or elsewhere, or repeated by any one who overheard them, pray stop them, and give notice to Mr. Chance, at the Lottery-Office in Pall-Mall, and you shall have a genteel reward for the whole, or part.

The members corresponding with the incorporated society in Dublin, for propagating the human species in every part of the world, are desired to observe and take notice, that a general quarterly meeting of their *standing* committee, will be held at the *thatched house under the hill*, on Monday next, at ten o'clock precisely.

Now

Now selling off at Prime Cost.

The remaining stock in trade of an eminent clergyman leaving off business, and retiring to a b—p—k ; consisting of a compleat set of manuscript sermons for the whole year, with fasts and festivals, including a deification of King Charles for the 30th of January ; a culverin charged and primed for the 5th of November, with a rod for the whore of Babylon ; the sins of the whole nation described, in a discourse fit for the next solemn fast ; charity, accession, antigallican, and small-pox sermons, some half finished tracts against the Athanasian creed, the marriage act, and the 39 articles, with many other valuable pieces. The whole to be viewed to the time of sale, which will begin at 12 o'clock.

N. B. Likewise will be sold the Doctor's curious reading desk, in which is a contrivance for keeping his new cribbage-board, tinder-box and bible.

To

To be sold cheap.

A most curious family bible, with cuts, beautifully printed on royal paper, the present owner having no further use for it.

Apply to Lord George Gingerbread, Cleveland Row, or any other part of St. James's.

N. B. It is in fine preservation, having been very little used.

Stolen or Strayed

From Miss Potter's lace shop, in Jermyn-street, a small filly, coming 18 this grass. She has a black spot just under her right eye, a cock'd tail, goes well upon her legs, and is fit for any weight.

She

She had been a considerable time in training for an officer of rank in the guards, and is supposed to have been rode away with by one of the judges' clerks on the northern circuit.

Whoever will bring her to Miss Potter's, as above, shall have half a guinea reward, and no questions asked.

Advertisement.

Rat-tattoo, late a drummer from America, having duly and truly, justly and faithfully, since his arrival in England, served and assisted as a lighter of funerals, now takes the liberty to offer himself, on account of people of fashion not dying fast enough to support him, as a footman to light away any lady, which he can do to the greatest advantage, either behind a carriage, or before a chair. He is perfectly

fectly master of the genteel science of knocking at doors, from a beggarly tap, to the impudent thundering of a footman of quality, having studied at St. James's under several very eminent masters, he can play a number of tunes on the knocker, and hath the most valuable curiosities of the art. He can, if necessary, write cards of compliments: and, as he is exceedingly fond of onions, and an admirer of gin, he is enabled to keep more room in any of the boxes of the theatres than any unqualified servant in England.

He is to be heard of every day in the week at the threepenny ordinary in St. Giles's.

At the Coventry Cross.

To be seen a cast of the Goddess Venus, in plaster of Paris. It is allowed to be a most

most masterly work, is much admired by the nobility and curious, and is acknowledged to be the completest model of the kind in the whole universe.

Lost.

Supposed to be stolen from a boarding-school near Turnham Green, a beautiful young lady, aged 16, daughter of the late Earl of Froth, and heiress to £.20,000, independent of her mother's jointure. She was observed to walk in the back garden after dinner with Mr. Allemande the dancing master, and is supposed to have made her escape with him through the yew hedge. She took nothing with her but her mistress's dram bottle out of the best china closet, the first volume of *Virtue rewarded*, *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, and the *Marriage Service* torn out of the *Common Prayer-book*. They are supposed to be gone to Scotland.

If

If offered to be married to Mr. Allemande pray stop her.

Advertisement.

A gentleman very much troubled with the vapours for several years past, has tried, at a very great expence, all the cupping doctors, apothecaries, &c. &c. &c. within the circle of this great town, without experiencing the least effect or relief in any respect whatever, has, at the instance and request of his friends in general, resolved to make known his case in this public manner, in hopes some one or other in this great metropolis may hit upon it.

He is married, and therefore not refused by the fair sex; is neither in debt, in want, or fatigued with business; neither poet, architect, projector, chymist, or gamester, but in every respect, as the world

world calls it, at ease, yet is always melancholy, crying, and out of temper; nothing can please him. He rises at eleven, A. M. without knowing what to do with himself. If he goes out to walk, he stops short and returns home again; if he goes to a play, it is too noisy, if at home, too silent. Eats well, drinks little, and sleeps less, is almost tired of this world, without being either unfortunate or sick, except in imagination.—Whoever will undertake his cure shall be nobly rewarded by applying to Jacopo Del Vallone, at the coffee-house, opposite Slaughter's-hall, Whitechapel.

Lost

Last night, the reputation of a milliner near Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, as she was carelessly conversing with an officer of the guards, concerning the price of making a dozen cambrick stocks. Who-

D

ever

ever has found it, and will bring it to her uncle Mr. Elzevir, at the printing-office, Whitehall, shall receive half a guinea reward, which is nine shillings more than it will fetch in any shop in Monmouth-street.

✍ It will not be advertised any more, nor any greater reward offered.

To the Public.

Monf. Le Roy Merchant, periwig-maker, hair-cutter, friseur, and tanner of jaws, takes the liberty of informing the world, that being obliged to leave Paris, he intends to settle at the court end of this town, where he means to fabricate all kinds of periwigs for the nobility, military, lawyers, doctors, &c. &c. in a new and most exquisite taste. For the better sort of citizens he has a new invention, which by the addition of a tail that takes off and on occasionally, serves when on duty

duty in the militia, or to walk to the White Conduit House, Islington, on Sundays. For the young bloods in the law, he has a curious invented periwig, whose tails may be put into a bag in vacation. He has also a kind of bobs that fit any head like a night cap, and may be worn by gentlemen when they choose to take their servants place, and mount the coach-box.

He cuts, curls, frizzles, and dresses hair for ladies and gentlemen, with so much ease and pleasure, that they may even attend to a party of quadrille during his operation. And he has likewise a secret to alter the colour of red hair, which he learnt of the honourable fraternity of barber-surgeons at St. Omer's, in France, of which he is a member.

He will be met with at his apartments, the first story from the sky, the corner of St. James's-street.

Wanted

A compleat clerk immediately in a merchant's compting-house, that can write a good hand, he must be a clean decent lad, of a good sober disposition, not surly, as it is required he should go to the door when any one knocks without grumbling; he must, when the groom is out of the way, clean the stable and take care of the horses, and, if he understands French, so much the better; it is expected he should know how to ingross the law hands, and clean his master's shoes, a lad being kept to black those of the rest of the family; he must likewise clean the knives and forks and lay the cloth; if he can dress hair he will be preferred to any other; it will not be required he should rub the furniture clean, but only to go of errands when thought necessary; and if he can teach the children Latin it will be more agreeable. Any young man thus qualified, may meet with

with a good place by applying to Alderman Calipash, near the pump in Bishopsgate-street.

N. B. If he behaves well he will be entitled to a fourth of the Christmas box.

Lost,

In or about the month of November last, the honour, honesty, and conscience of a once eminent broker on the Turkey Walk, Royal Exchange. It is expected whoever has found them will bring them to the owner, Benjamino Valentia, at the Rainbow Coffee-house, or leave them for him at Mr. Bushell's, Whitechapel Road.

N. B. They have been a long time out of repair, and of course not worth keeping by those who may have found them.

✂ No reward can be offered, nor will they be advertised any more, the owner having been long in want of the real ointment of Peru.

To be Let

And entered on immediately, an excessive large coach-house, very fit and convenient for the holding forth in Dr. Whitfield's stile. Enquire for R. Brentford, Collier Row, or Stratford.

N. B. Wanted a new preacher as above. He must give security not to follow the old Dr. with another bag of gold, should he be entrusted with one.

Advertisement.

Mynheer Gerrard Van Shamduel, from the Hague, is just arrived in this city, and hath with infinite pain, labour, study and industry, invented, and now offers to teach for a premium of ten guineas only a very safe and never failing method of obtaining, with ease, the character of a man of honour, by confederacy, without fighting,

fighting, or by a feigned battle with powder and an artificial ball. For the great utility of this curious invention or secret, he appeals to those who have already honoured him with their protection and encouragement: his manner of performance is perfectly safe and easy, except a palpitation of the heart, which is soon removed by a glass of orgeat, lemonade, or smell of hartshorn drops.

As his project is entirely new, he is to be met with daily, when fair, from 12 to 2 in the Green Park: he is a tall, fat man, brown, wears a fierce-cock'd hat, a long broad sword, a coat that appears to have been once brown, with buttons as broad as a saucer, and his hair tied up in a bag.

To the Fair Sex.

A middle-aged man, just turned of seventy, is desirous of marrying; his estate
is

is a clear thousand a year, of an easy temper and good constitution, having long lost the follies of youth, his choice in a lady will be made by reason. He is a tall, genteel, personable man, except the loss of a leg and an eye. The lady he wishes to meet with must be under 25 years of age, her shape slender, her person neat, her looks smiling, and her disposition pleasing; lively and sensible, but not too smart in her talk; she may be a little angry at times, provided she is never sul-
 len; she must be polite, without affectation, at public balls and in mixed company; she will not be restrained in her whim or fancy, as it generally makes a good wife bad. Any lady whose friends (not herself) are of opinion that she is qualified, and wish to dispose of her, may hear of a partner by directing to Sir Tinsel Tawdry, at Tawdry Hall, near Woodford, Essex.

*** He

* * He will not enquire into her fortune, provided her friends will assure him the same is above £.10,000.

Advertisement.

Lost early in the morning of the 18th instant, a curious small toy, set in the fashion of a locket, with family hair, embossed on a dark enamel. If any gentleman has it in his power to restore it, he will, by so doing, lay a singular obligation on the owner thereof, who sheds continual tears, and is inconsolable for the loss of this very small, but curious trifle. What adds more to the lady's desire of obtaining it again, is, that the keeping of it carefully was strongly recommended to her by her nurse, and she dares not appear among the circle of her acquaintance without it.

If the gentleman who went home with her in a hackney coach from the Pantheon
took


took it in jest, he is hereby required to return it again privately, and not make her any longer miserable, nor suffer it to be exposed to any one, as that would greatly add to her present affliction.

To be spoke with

At the sign of the high phaeton, in Long Acre, Signior Vita Lorenzo, native of Genoa, but late of Paris, charioteer and coach-builder. Supplies the nobility and gentry with all sorts of carriages with any number of wheels, spokes, springs, poles, &c. &c. on a new principle, so as to be able to step out of the carriage into any first floor in England without danger, accidents excepted.

Likewise teaches the whole art of driving with the politest attitudes or graces on the box, besides the most favourite cracking tunes on the whip, in less than six months,

months, on the low terms of only three guineas a month, and the same at entrance. Humbly hopes for the encouragement of the nobility in particular, and the gentry in general, being a foreigner.

 Leathern conveniences made to go with or without horses on any road or green.

******* He sells the best sort of whip-chord for the accommodating of his scholars only.

Christmas-

Christmas-Day Entertainment.

LIVING on Epping Forest this time twelvemonth, I had an invitation to an entertainment at the house of a country squire near Woodford.

When I went in, I found the largest room full of ladies, to every one of whom I made one of my best bows, and was repaid in a compleat circle of court'sies; but whether out of respect to my person or my tambour waistcoat, I will not pretend to determine. After some necessary ceremony, having taken a seat, we had an universal silence for near a minute and an half, not unlike the meeting at a congregation of quakers, notwithstanding the number of ladies present.

For

For my part, I had fixed my eyes on a curious musical clock then chiming, considering within myself what I should say to rouse the company. Whilst in this study, I heard one of them whisper to another, I believe he thinks we smoak tobacco, eat onions, or smell of anniseeds; for you must know I had omitted the country fashion (being naturally bashful) and not kissed one of them.

At last, says one of them to me, Sir, it is very fine weather. Mighty fine weather indeed, Madam, replied I again to her. Says another, Vincent Wing has predicted well. Hang all almanack makers, cries a smart young widow, they know no more of the weather than the Pope does; marry, hang the Pope, answer's a jolly brandy-faced woman, with a great carbuncle upon her nose, and an uncommon large wart just under her left eye: the Pope! heaven guard us from that filthy

E

man

man and all his family. Did you never read of that Popish Queen Mary, how she made bonfires of all those poor folks that would not go to her bloody mass, and fall down on their marrow-bones to a piece of rotten pear-tree? No, no, any thing but the Pope. Boy, give me a glass of wine; and, d' ye hear, fill it up, for my throat is quite dry with talking. Aye, aye, quoth one that had not spoke before, the Pope is a hopeful one, you may read enough of him and his harlots in the Revelations.—She was just going to name the chapter and verse, when up came a strong country fellow, groaning under the weight of a great chine of bacon and an overgrown two years old turkey, which put an end to this curious edifying dialogue.

At dinner we had many excuses from the 'Squire's wife for the very indifferent fare, and she had as many declarations from
us,

us, that all was excellent; and the 'Squire gave us the pedigree of every fowl that came to table: he assured us, on his honour, that his poultry had neither kindred nor allies any where on this side the channel, except in his own backside.

As soon as we were risen from table, our great parliament of females presently resolved themselves into committees of twos and threes, &c. all over the room, and I plainly perceived that every party was upon a different subject.

In one corner there was a learned matron, who talked much of steel-waters, and I think she said something about opening a vein in the ankle. Upon casting my eyes that way, I saw the figure of a fine young lady, who seemed cruelly tormented with the green sickness, listening to her with great attention.

Another knot of them were lamenting, in their way, an unfortunate young woman, but her name I could not hear. Poor unhappy wretch, cries one, she fainted away at church last Sunday. Aye, says a second, and well she might, she laces herself up so in her stays. And yet, answer'd a third, she can't hide it neither. Hide it, says a fourth, that's impossible; why, she has been squeamish these three months, and fainted the other day at the sight of a lobster. And yet, let me tell you, says the first, they say he won't marry her after all. Much more was said, but all four determining to talk at once, there arose such confusion from all their tongues moving together, that it was impossible to distinguish the rest of this story.

A detachment of the sex, that besieged the fire-place, were cruelly severe upon one Mrs. Lusty; every limb, and every feature, was faulty; every thing about
her

her was odious and frightful. She, a coach! cry'd Mrs. Slender, a dung cart is more proper to carry so much kitchen-stuff; and to this, all was agreed. By which it was plain, that the greatest offence and complaint was, this same coach, and which added exceedingly to the deformity of the poor unfortunate lady. I saw, continued the jealous Mrs. Slender, (who the reader will please to observe was not enabled to keep a coach) the great greasy creature the other night at a christening—but such a tawdry aukward porpoise! well! she had on bridles as thick as cable-ropes, which stood staring a mile from her chaps, as if afraid of her fiery nose: then again, that oily face of hers!—it shined with its own native liquor like a new-opened oyster; but I'll swear it did not smell half so sweet. And yet, replied another, her husband is excessively fond of her.—Civil to her, you mean certainly, answered her next neighbour, I suppose he is oblig-

ed to put her head in a pillow-case ; at which was a general laugh, or outcry, from this sneering detachment.

Being by nature compassionate, I could not bear to hear this unmerciful treatment of poor Mrs. Lusty, and therefore withdrew to a committee of wives, who, I observed, were calling for a bible to decide a dispute they had entered into, whether minced-pies, or plum-porridge, were the properest food on Christmas-day. A devout old soul was against plum-porridge, which being a kind of broth or jelly, was, she said, a carnal repast, apt to stir up lust and bad thoughts, and therefore unfit for that holy time. You cannot conceive with what eagerness and warmth this old abstemious duenna was answered by two fine young creatures, forty or fifty years younger than herself. What ! cried they, an unfit repast for that holy time ! Why, it is a festival time, in which we not only ought

ought to be very merry ourselves, but assist in making all others about us so. As for me, says one of this company, I hope to go to bed with a chearful and willing heart every night these holidays, and I hope the same of Mr. ———; here she named her husband. The old scare-crow smiled, and shook her head and sighed, as if her great age had been her greatest misfortune, was entering into a learned discourse about husbands, capons, lampreys, craw-fish, and marrow-bones; when, to my great mortification, a summons to the tea-table put an end to this delicious controversy.

The ladies all marched in order to the tea parlour, and the men to another room, where the table was laid out with wine, punch, pipes, and tobacco; over which we were all diverted with the many curious remarks on the price of corn, on poultry, and the best method of fattening hogs.

hogs. But at last, being tired with the subject, and having smoaked out two pipes with attention and silence, I took a trip to the ladies, who had sent to know if I should like a dish of tea. Before I went into their room I listened a little, to know what they were upon; and was not a little surprized to hear them mention my name. One said I was a mere mum-chance, for that I had not spoke six dozen words since I came in. I should have listened longer, had I not been jealous they might have called in question my other abilities, so in I went. As soon as I entered the subject was changed to religion, and one who had read Woolaston's discourses against the miracles of Jesus, began a discourse which caused a terrible division; my old duenna insisted Woolaston ought to have been stoned to death for calling Christ a beggar, a wanderer, and a mendicant-friar, and the debate was carried on with so much heat, that I was thrown into the greatest
 pain

pain imaginable, for fear the costly tea equipage should be broke. But happily this was changed into a new discourse, quite pleasing to all the company, that was, backbiting their neighbours, and of course they all fell into it unanimously, so that the great fire before kindled, was by this means entirely quenched, and all parties reconciled, insomuch, that during the handling of scandal, there was not one dissenting voice heard in the whole assembly.

By this time all the other sex arrived from the smoaking-room, joined with the 'Squire's eldest son, who, to shew his respect to the company, offered to entertain them with a song and a tune on the harp-ficord; the discord caused from the instrument being quite out of tune, as likewise so wretchedly fingered by this pretender to music, did not fail to produce a general laugh. For my part, as it is a constant custom with me, always to conform to the
rules

rules of the company I am in, I was ashamed to be singular on this occasion, so I even extended my mouth into a smile, and put my face into a laughing posture. His mother observing me join the rest of the company in a smile, at the cost of her son, told me in my ear, that he never played so shocking bad before, even when he first was learning. To which I answered, I vow and declare, Madam, I really and sincerely believe you; for this is exactly like the performance of a domestic quadrupede.

Copy of a Letter from a Clergyman of some Note, a Widower, with Six Children, to a Friend of his, inviting him to Supper, and to bring his Daughter, a beautiful Virgin of £.5,000 Fortune, with him.

S I R,

THERE is a volume lies in your study, in sheets, and all who have seen it wonder it continues thus long unbound. It think it is called Wilson's Epithalamium; but, least I should mistake the title, I will describe it to you. It is a beautiful fair manuscript, writ with fine shining ink, on the whitest vellum imaginable; the strokes of the pen are so delicate, as prove it was done by a masterly hand; and there is such a portion in all the parts, and the features, as it may be termed, of each letter so exact, as put the reader to a stand in admiring the beauties of them.

them. The book has an additional ornament; the initial letters and all the margins are done with gold; yet what renders it more valuable, is, that though wrote near seventeen years, it is not in the least stained or soiled, insomuch, that one thinks it never was turned over by any one: and there is the more reason to believe it, the first leaves being still unopened. The book of itself does not appear to be of any great bulk, yet I am informed its value is five thousand pounds; it would be a pity so rare a piece should be lost; and the only way to preserve it, is to increase the copies; so that if the author will give consent, and you grant it a licence, I will put it to the press directly. I have a curious set of letters never used but in the printing of one work, and of this there were only half a dozen impressions; so that you must naturally think they are not the worse for wear. On my side, I will spare no labour or charge to adorn it with the most lively figures;

figures; and doubt not to make this edition as engaging in the eyes of all men, as the original is in mine, which, to be ingenuous, is so very striking and fine, that I could read it o'er and o'er both day and night with pleasure. Therefore, if you will favour me with your company this evening, and bring this admirable piece with you, it will add to the entertainment of him, who is with true respect,

Your most obedient, and

The 4th Week of
the 3d Month of
the Year 1778.

Most humble servant,

JO. TRUELOVE.

F

The

The POET'S CORNER.

Advertisement Extraordinary.

TO any young man that has need of a wife,
 A lady that's young and of innocent life;
 In person genteel, in behaviour quite easy,
 Would change her condition, and hopes she may please ye.

The little acquaintance she has in this town,
 (For she might have lovers enough, if well known)
 Has forc'd her at last to make use of this paper,
 That none may plead ign'rance, and so escape her.

She ventures to say, that she don't want good breeding,
 And though not a housewife, yet far gone in reading;
 Can dance well—if entreated, can sing;
 Can tell twenty riddles about a gold ring;

Besides many stories of love (the sweet passion)
 And often regrets 'tis not more in fashion:
 Entirely averse unto all sordid views,
 She has but one failing, that is, she loves news,
 And that leads to knowledge; so hopes you'll excuse. }

Whoever

Whoever this suits, e'er the lady he'll see,
Must send his proposal, seal'd up, for Miss Gee;
To be left at the King's-head, in Gerrard-street;
And if they're approved, then the lady will treat;

But let no young pedant, that's just come from school,
Presume to write to her, to make her a fool;
Such things she well knows has often been done;
This is no jesting matter—so none of your fun.

A Description of ~~London~~.

houses churches

CHURCHES; houses, mixt together,

Streets unpleasant in all weather;

Prisons, palaces contiguous,

(Gate, bridges) the Thames irriguous.

Gate, a castle

II.

Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,

Outside showy, insides empty;

Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,

Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts.

*showy
outside*

III.

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,

Lords, of laundresses afraid;

Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,

Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen.

* Should the reader be at a loss, the editor will, on application, inform him of the place alluded to.

IV. Poets,

IV.

Poets, lawyers, priests, physicians,

Noble, simple, all conditions;

Worth, beneath a threadbare cover,

Villainy, bedawb'd all over.

V.

Women, fair, black, red, and grey,

Prudes, and such as never pray,

Handsome, ugly, noisy still,

Some that will not, more that will.

VI.

Many a beau without a shilling,

Many a widow not unwilling,

Many a bargain, if you strike it:

This is ———, nothing more like it.

How I go with it

✂ The Author requests, that none but those only, who shall take upon them the office of exposing themselves, by what the learned call criticism, read the following.

Rabbi Nick-Nack-Ben-Dry-Pate, otherwise No-brains, (or whoever else the reader pleases, if he be a very able and learned divine of the ancients) relates the following story, which he strongly recommends to all critics. A critic having garbled the works of an eminent author in the East, flew in great haste to *Apollo*, to shew what he had done; the God smiling, replied, he ought to be rewarded for his pains. Wherefore, he set before him a large bundle of wheat, recommending him to pick every grain from the straw, and divide

vide his work into two parcels ; which the critic with much labour, industry, fatigue and time, accomplished : after which, pleased with the *task* the God had set him, he had not the least doubt but the grain was to be the reward of his industry ; when, lo ! to his utter astonishment and confusion, the God recompenced him, with what do you think ?—part of the straw.

6 MA 50

Generous Reader,

SHOULD you have met with any errors in the foregoing pages, for mercy sake correct them, and take care of the fatherless, for so they are, as neither the Author nor Printer will own them to be their issue; by which act of generosity you will prevent their turning pedlar, and probably traveling the country round.

F I N I S.

